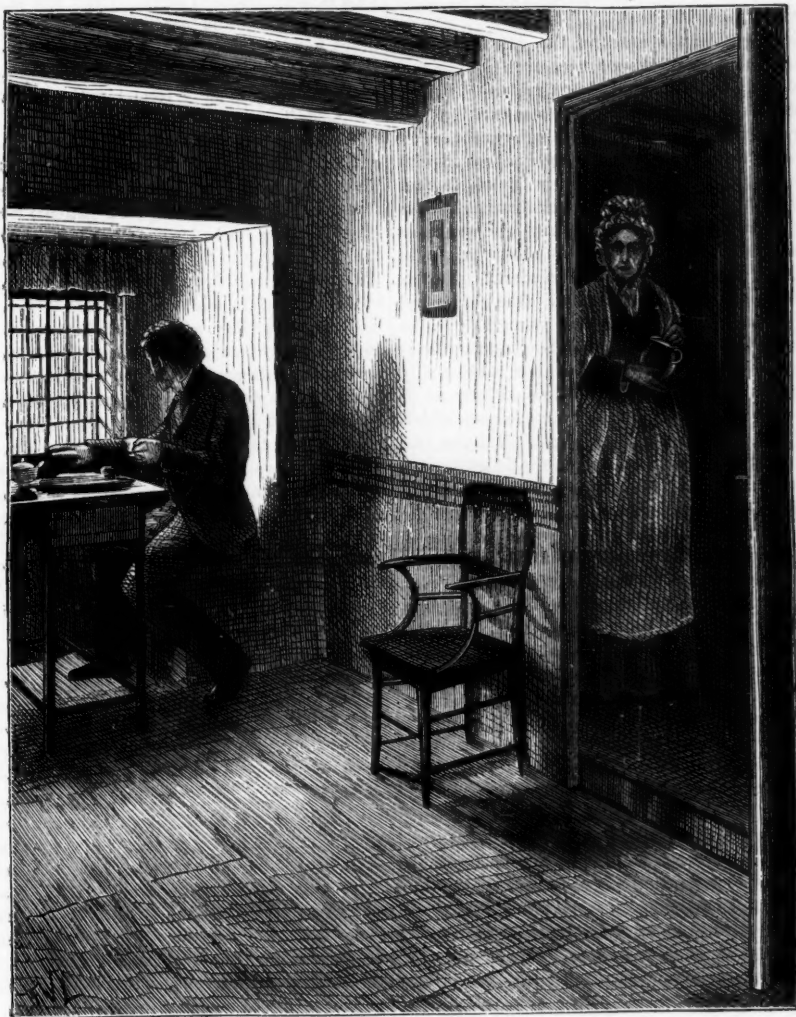


THE QUIVER

Saturday, December 30, 1871.



"Bernard Ayrton sat on the wooden settle in the window"—p. 194.

HIS BY RIGHT.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "UNDER FOOT," "JOHN HESKETH'S CHARGE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—CAPTURED.

THE elderly gentleman who had taken such curious interest in the movements of Cyril Chadburn and Bessie Grant, whom he followed from the river-side, had continued to dog their footsteps with the patient persistence of one who had found his attention unexpectedly arrested, and had made up his mind to learn, if possible, whether the attraction which drew him irresistibly onward had any foundation beyond one

of those curious coincidences that will sometimes individualise a strange face passing us in a street crowd. We know it can be only a chance resemblance, but the illusion is complete enough to startle us with the reproduction of a living photograph of some dead, half-forgotten face, buried away for years under the churchyard turf.

This might be the secret of the attraction that fastened the eyes of the stranger upon the fair face of Bessie Grant, as she walked by Cyril's side, utterly unconscious of the observation she was exciting.

Her companion received little notice beyond the first rapid glance—keen and critical—which took in with the vividness of a photograph every line of his face and every detail of his dress—a look that might have been translated, "If it is worth my while to know more of you, young man, I shall be able to recognise you again, wherever we chance to meet." It was Bessie who engrossed his attention. One glance had satisfied him that it was the same young lady whom he had seen, the day before, sketching on the river-bank, on which occasion her hat had accidentally fallen off, and, carried by the wind, would have rolled into the river but for his timely interference, which Bessie had thankfully acknowledged. But she had soon forgotten the incident, and on the following day did not even recognise the polite stranger who had saved her hat from immersion. He had taken his walk by the river-side that morning with the hope of seeing her again. He was careful not to obtrude his presence in any way that could excite the suspicion of the young lady or her companion, his design being to follow them without betraying the fact. He succeeded, managing so adroitly that when they reached Abbey House he contrived to pass them so closely that he overheard the young lady say, "I think you will find him at home this morning, Mr. Chadburn."

When opportunity offered, that name was duly noted in his pocket-book. He endeavoured to scrutinise the red-cheeked handmaiden who admitted them, and gave a passing glance at Bessie's flower-beds, blooming in the midst of the grey old court. When they had entered, and the gate was closed, he retraced his steps, pausing a few seconds under the shadow of the old archway, from which the grim carved faces seemed to scowl forbiddingly upon him.

"His house," he muttered as he turned away; "to think of this adventure leading me here of all places. I wonder who that young girl is; I heard that fellow call her Darley's daughter, but I must have been mistaken, for he was never married. Her face seems familiar. Can it be—but, there, I seem to be always indulging in some wild fancy. Only an hour ago I thought I was being followed; that Lewis Darley had set spies to watch my movements. I shall begin to think that accident has injured my head. She appeared to belong to the house, for I heard her invite the gentleman in. It is well I obeyed the impulse and watched them, for I thought Lewis

Darley had become a confirmed miser and grubbed on alone in the old house. If it is a false report, it must have come from him, and he has encouraged it for reasons of his own. I am beginning to distrust everything connected with him. If I could only get hold of that red-faced servant-girl I saw just now, a piece of silver would loosen her tongue, and perhaps prove a good investment, for she might be able to tell something that would give me a hold upon him, and enable me to force from him the knowledge he withholds."

With his thoughts thus running in the old groove, and irritating the sore that was always ranking in his mind against Lewis Darley, Bernard Ayrton (for it was no other than Dr. Ward's patient) left Abbey House the way he had come; but instead of taking the road leading to the river, he diverged into one of the main thoroughfares of the old city, from which he struck out into a drowsy little street, containing a low-browed building, with curious little windows and an elaborately painted front, that leant dizzily over the narrow pathway, as if it had been suddenly overtaken by the infirmity of years. It was into this building that Bernard Ayrton entered, for it was there he had taken up his temporary abode, and he could not have chosen a better place. It was deliciously clean and cool and quiet, as if it had been miles away in the country, instead of the heart of a town.

Later in the day Bernard Ayrton sat on the wooden settle in the window, trying to amuse himself by looking into the street, while he lazily sipped a cup of tea which had just been brought in by the little old-fashioned landlady, who was primitive as her establishment. He had engaged the little parlour for his own exclusive accommodation. The adjoining room was filled with the sound of voices—loud, cheerful talk and laughter. It was the workmen's tea-hour, and a group of decently-dressed mechanics, daily frequenters of the house, were crowding noisily to their places. The gentleman in the private room was watching two boys who seemed to be quarrelling about something. He had just drained his cup when he caught sight of a well-known figure crossing the street. He set down the teacup with a sharp ring upon the saucer, and pushing the tray from him, seized his hat and dashed into the street with a violence that greatly astonished the landlady, who was just passing his door. The cause of Bernard Ayrton's excitement was that he had seen Lewis Darley, who was on the way to his lawyer's, to put into execution the new clause which he had resolved to add to his will. Bernard Ayrton had made up his mind to compel the old man to another interview. He would have been in time to interrupt him before he turned into the next street, but at that moment he ran against a man who had just come round the corner and nearly knocked him down. He muttered a word of apology as he

stooped to pick up his hat, which had been knocked off in the collision. The man eyed Bernard Ayrton keenly, and as he passed on coolly turned and followed him.

"The man who came down with Dawson, I could swear to him. I thought I caught sight of him this morning, but he was too sharp for me. It shall not be my fault if he slips us again."

The man who thus apostrophised the unconscious Ayrton was Gibbs, the astute colleague of the detective Nield.

A few hours later Nield and Gibbs reaped the reward of perseverance; the man whom they had tracked from London was safe in their charge.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE LAWN-PARTY.

It was one of those soft, mellow days which our capricious climate sometimes gives us in autumn, as if in compensation for falling leaves and fading flowers, when the sunshine seems to linger lovingly over the land, lighting up the bare brown fields, where the yellow corn had filled and ripened for the harvest-home, and the sickle of the reaper had been busy. The sky was so soft, and the air so genial and warm, that though it was an afternoon near the middle of October, it was difficult to realise that it was not summer still.

This was the feeling of the gay crowd of ladies and gentlemen assembled on the lawn at Chadburn Court—a lively, laughing throng, containing some fun-loving spirits, to whom life was an elixir of happiness.

Frank Ainsworth and his sisters Bella, Charlotte, Maude, and Agnes were among the guests, having been invited to join Lady Chadburn's party, and meet the Honourable Augustus and the Misses Appleby, who, with their sister Lady Bradbury, were staying as guests at Chadburn Court. The blooming Hebe-like girls who represented the family of the Ainsworths, could scarcely be expected to assimilate readily with the more dignified belles who could look back to the experience of one or two London seasons. It occurred to these ladies that the manners of the Misses Ainsworth were not so finished as their own, and they could not understand the energy with which they enjoyed themselves. But they were all young, and their feelings gave way to pleasanter impressions, and they fraternised together. So far Lady Chadburn's party was a success. Some one had suggested a game of croquet, and the weather being favourable, the proposition was instantly approved.

Sir Richard was present, and from his seat under the trees looked on with a passive enjoyment of the scene, only saddened by the thought of Harold, who had always been one of the leading spirits on such occasions. Now and then Lucy flitted to his side, mallet in hand, looking very pretty and picturesque in her graceful costume; sometimes she was joined

by Frank Ainsworth, who evinced much wistful regard for the baronet, by whom he had been treated with marked favour from his boyhood. At such moments the presence of the young lieutenant had the effect of checking Lucy's talk to her father, and making her unaccountably silent and demure, which seemed to Sir Richard very like coldness to an old friend.

It was while the fun was at its height that Cyril Chadburn withdrew himself from the players, knowing that the merry party were too much engaged with the game to notice his desertion.

"Are you not well, Cyril?"

It was Lady Chadburn who asked the question of her son. They were standing together on a pretty tree-shaded walk that wound round the croquet-lawn, their position partially screening them from sight, while they had still a view of the players. Cyril had not been aware of his mother's approach until her voice roused him from his reverie.

"Quite well, mother; why do you ask?"

"Because I watched you just now, and thought you looked as if you were out of sorts."

"That is easily accounted for: I have a slight headache."

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear it, Cyril; but I am afraid you don't take kindly to these gatherings"—and her ladyship indicated by a glance the animated scene, on which Cyril, however, looked with stoical indifference. His mother continued: "Why, I am at a loss to understand, for I can see nothing objectionable about them. I often think your manners are very grave for a young man. Perhaps these gatherings are too frivolous for you, Cyril."

He gave her a cold smile as he said, "You are right, mother, I have a distaste for the frivolities which people call amusements; I suppose they are useful in their way"—here he glanced half contemptuously at the croquet-players, adding—"but for myself, I only tolerate them for the sake of serving a purpose, in which case I can be anything by turns."

Something in his tone made Lady Chadburn look attentively at the cold, pale face. At that moment, when she caught the expression on the fine thread-like lips, it seemed to repel her from him. She was conscious of a strange feeling of disappointment about the character of the son whom her mistaken partiality had set up as the pride of the house. But she was allowed no time to indulge this new vein of feeling, for Cyril said hastily, "We will walk round, if you please, mother; I foresee that if we stand here any longer we are certain to be invaded, and I want you to myself for a few minutes."

Lady Chadburn acquiesced, and they walked on.

"You thought I looked out of spirits, mother; if you had said dissatisfied, it would have been nearer the truth."

"Dissatisfied, Cyril! with what or whom?"

"With this party."

"Oh, indeed!"

There was no mistaking the irony in her tone, and her ladyship coolly raised her glass, and gave him a look of haughty surprise. He met it without flinching, saying quietly, with a slightly satirical smile curling his lips, "It is not that I find fault with any of your arrangements, my dear mother—they are admirable, as usual—but I should have liked an addition to your list of invitations."

"You speak in enigmas, Cyril; pray be more explicit."

There was a slight contraction of his brows as he said, "Do you not remember the suggestion I made on the subject?"

Lady Chadburn glanced almost scornfully at her son, before she replied, "You mean with reference to—Miss Grant—the young person whom Mr. Darley has adopted."

This was said with an expression that showed Lady Chadburn under one of her least agreeable aspects. Cyril winced at the conclusion of the sentence, but he contented himself with correcting the objectionable epithet in his own way.

"Yes, mother, I allude to Miss Grant, the young lady adopted by Mr. Darley; I should have been well pleased to have seen her among the guests at Chadburn Court to-day."

He saw his mother's face flush, and noticed the irrepressible curl of her proud lips as she answered, "I scarcely thought that you were serious when you made that proposition, Cyril."

"Why not, mother?"

"Because it seems to me such an unaccountable thing for you, of all others, to overlook so many eligible connections, for the sake of this one fancy; it is a choice so different from what I should have expected you to make."

"My dear mother"—in spite of the affectionate form of words, there was a grating hardness in Cyril's tone—"I have told you all I consider needful to explain and justify my views in this matter; if you wish to serve me, overcome your prejudice and invite her and her adopted father to your next party at Chadburn. You are already acquainted with Mr. Darley, so you have nothing to do but to send him cards."

"But, my dear Cyril, just consider the——"

He interrupted her—"I have considered, mother; you must remember what I told you: she is Mr. Darley's heiress, and if I win her, I shall get back that part of our family estate which I most covet."

At that moment a footman approached with a letter in his hand; it was addressed to Cyril, and marked "immediate." The young man was about to place it in his pocket, to wait until he was at leisure, when his glance recognised the handwriting: it was instantly torn open and read.

Lady Chadburn, watching him with some anxiety, saw his blue eyes flash like steel that has been

struck, and his slight frame seemed to quiver with excitement. He read it over a second time, then turning to his mother, said, almost savagely, "This comes from that old leech at Abbey House; it is a refusal to enter into any business transactions; which means that he has decided not to part with that portion of the Chadburn estate in his possession. Now I know what I have to do: my only way is through the heiress; it is my last chance; she must be won, and you must help me, mother; you can do it if you will."

She did not answer him; he had given her that day a new impression of his sternness and inflexibility; she had caught a glimpse of his true character—yet, though it was only a glimpse, it was sufficient to wring her heart.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"OH, SAVE HER!"

"NONSENSE, Phoebe, you are a great goose."

"You often tell me that, Miss Bessie."

"Because I think you ought to know it. Vanity is a bad thing, Phoebe. Now you do some things very cleverly. For instance, I don't think there is any one to excel you in trimming a dress or making one's hair look pretty; but you are no judge of character, Phoebe, nor even personal appearance: as a proof, there is the young man at the tea-shop—you think him handsome, Phoebe, and he is nothing of the kind."

This was disclaimed with much earnestness on the part of Phoebe. "Oh, Miss Bessie, I only said he was better-looking than the barber's son, and that I liked——"

"His curly hair," interrupted Bessie, with a mischievous curve about her mouth.

Phoebe did her best to repudiate the charge. "Oh, miss! how can you say such things? I only noticed that it was curly. Like his hair, indeed! why should I?"

"That is best known to yourself, Phoebe."

"I should never have noticed it, Miss Bessie, but I thought it looked something like Mr. Gerald's."

"Mr. Gerald seems to be a great favourite of yours, Phoebe; you are always quoting him."

"He is a favourite with every one, miss."

"Indeed, how do you know that?"

"Well, my mother says so, and I think he ought to be."

"Dear me, Phoebe! if the young gentleman at the tea-shop heard you, he would be quite jealous."

Phoebe ignored her remark. "Yes, miss, I think he ought to be a favourite, he is such a nice gentleman; quite different to the one who sends you the——"

Here the girl hesitated, and the young lady's colour was a little heightened as she finished the sentence for her. "Who sends me the flowers. You mean Mr. Chadburn, I suppose?"

Phoebe looked shyly at her young mistress as she replied, "Yes, Miss Bessie."

"I am afraid you dislike Mr. Chadburn, Phoebe."

"No, miss, I don't dislike him, but I don't think him a patch upon Mr. Gerald; he's awfully proud and conceited."

"Hush, Phoebe! that's all prejudice, Mr. Chadburn is——"

Bessie stopped before she had committed herself, and the finish of the sentence was thus lost to Phoebe, whose native sagacity had divined that the flowers were not sent from Chadburn Court for nothing.

The cause of interruption was the unexpected appearance of the gentleman under discussion. Bessie had gone down to the river-side as usual that morning, accompanied by Phoebe, whom, in obedience to the old man's wishes, she generally made the companion of her walks. They had just crossed the river-bridge, and were pursuing their way along the bank, when they were met by Cyril Chadburn, greatly to the disgust of Phoebe, who secretly resented the unwelcome interruption to her talk with Miss Bessie.

Business had brought Cyril to Chesterdale that morning, and having some leisure time upon his hands, he had resolved to do his best to turn the opportunity to account. With this motive he had found his way to the river, which he knew was one of Bessie's favourite walks, his hope being that he would find her there. Lewis Darley's refusal to negotiate for the sale of the property which he coveted, had determined him upon a certain line of action, in pursuit of what he had resolved to accomplish, in defiance of any obstacle that might be thrown in his way. His mother was still hostile to his views; but he was confident of securing both her consent and assistance.

"I have made up my mind that it shall be as I wish, and she might as well give way at once—a strong will is equal to any pressure of circumstances."

He said this to himself while sauntering along the river-bank, thinking of his mother's opposition to his choice of a wife. It was at that moment he caught sight of Bessie and her companion. While making his courteous bow, he decided that in this morning's encounter he would take his first step,

and learn whether he had been self-deceived in fancying that he had already gained some hold on her mind; also to satisfy himself as to the state of her feelings towards the young doctor. Cyril, who was a brilliant talker, soon managed to draw Bessie into a conversation that kept her attention completely chained by the charm of his light, sparkling gossip, that dealt so gracefully with every topic which he introduced. She was so much absorbed in the pleasure of listening, that she quite forgot Phoebe, who was supposed to be walking behind.

They had not proceeded far, when both were startled by a shrill scream, followed by a splash and a gasping cry, that made Bessie bound with terror. It was Phoebe's voice that rang out on the morning air, and Phoebe whom she saw struggling in the river, blindly fighting to keep her head above the cold, strangling water; fighting as men and women only fight when it is for dear life, and the madness of despair is on them.

A terrible scene in the midst of the familiar everyday sights and sounds, and a terrible struggle to be going on in that calm autumn morning. A troop of boys playing at cricket in a neighbouring field stopped their game and looked round, listening for a repetition of the cry that startled them. It carried dismay also to the laden barge creeping lazily down the river, but too far off to render help in answer to that wild invocation for human sympathy and human aid.

A crowd gathered quickly on the river-bank—an eager, pitying, helpless crowd. But Bessie's dilating eyes saw only those quivering hands wildly beating the water, and that one upturned face with the loosened dark hair clinging about it, and streaming on the water like long tangles of seaweed. She only realised that it was Phoebe—honest, faithful Phoebe, who had grown up with her from childhood. With this came upon her mind, in one flash of thought, the remembrance of the widowed mother—dear rugged, tender-hearted Phillis—who had no kindred tie on earth save this one daughter.

In that instant Bessie seemed transformed in the eyes of Cyril Chadburn, who half shrank from her wild energy as she grasped his arm, saying excitedly, "Oh! save her, Mr. Chadburn—save her, save her!"

(To be continued.)

FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

TITUS III. 9.



EMAY quite as distinctly express our wisdom or our folly by the questions we propose to another, as by the answers we return to those proposed to ourselves. Few things indicate more clearly a man's character and capacity than the questions he may from time to time propose.

One man facilitates the transaction of business, and secures a reputation for tact and good sense, by merely asking a well-directed and opportune question; while another person, with the best of intentions, displays the hopeless confusion of his mind, and effectually hinders the very cause he wishes to help, by asking ill-timed and irrelevant questions. There are few people who do more

mischievous, who occasion greater social discomfort, than those—and their name is legion—who are distinguished by a “fatal facility” in asking foolish and vexatious questions. These unblushing inquisitors are found everywhere busily plying their inglorious occupation. They are social mosquitoes, against whose sting we cannot surely guard ourselves by any interposed curtain of reserve. With whatever society they mingle, their irritating influence is soon felt; they are sure to trouble some quiet pool, to wake some sleeping dog. We never feel quite safe in the presence of such people. If there be a long-buried and almost-forgotten grievance, they will do their best to disinter it; if there be a subject which the general good sense of the company agrees to avoid, they will contrive to direct attention to it by some ill-mannered question which it is impossible to answer, and next to impossible to parry. We feel impelled to commend to the attention of all such the apostolic injunction: “*Avoid foolish questions.*”

We are only to avoid *foolish* questions. Interrogation is an important method of instruction—a method which has been largely and successfully employed from the days of Socrates until now. The art of asking questions is a great and difficult one. Where we have a person thoroughly skilled in the art of cross-examination, interrogation proves one of the most valuable methods of arriving at the truth. And not only do we elicit truth from human witnesses by means of questions, but science itself advances in different directions by the practical questioning and, if we may so say, the cross-examination of nature; the answer returned to one question preparing for, and even suggesting, the question next to be proposed.

If we wished to ascertain the moral, intellectual, spiritual condition of any one, we could scarcely desire a better guide than a list (could it be obtained) of all the questions he had proposed to himself and others in the course of, say, a single week. During that period many different things, of greater or less moment, have presented themselves to his notice. What has been his attitude in reference to them? Has he looked upon them stolidly, incuriously, asking no questions? Have his questions related only to the surface, the appearances of things? Has his curiosity been awakened only by those things which are mean, trivial, insignificant? Or have his questions touched upon matters of weight and importance, and revealed the existence of a wisely inquiring mind?

How completely is a child's nature disclosed by the questions he ceaselessly asks! Those absolutely unanswerable questions which he so seriously proposes, prove plainly enough that he has not ascertained the necessary limitations of human thought and inquiry—“that man is not born to solve the mystery of existence.” While the naïve

simplicity of other questions he may ask, tells us what an utter stranger he is to those conventional restraints which so largely limit the freedom of social speech.

There are many persons who reach the years of maturity, who never seem to leave their childhood behind them—who never attain to any maturity of thought and judgment. They live and die the victims of a vain and profitless curiosity. They spend their time in asking and in attempting to answer foolish questions. They are always learning, yet never coming to a knowledge of the truth. Matters of the greatest moment are passed by with indifference, while valuable time is consumed by the discussion of unpractical and foolish questions.

In the passage referred to at the head of this paper we have a very valuable and much-needed piece of advice addressed to us: “*Avoid foolish questions.*” We are not to waste our time in asking them, or in seeking to answer them. It is the part of wisdom to avoid them.

This injunction was addressed to Titus by the Apostle Paul, and had, there can be no doubt, a specific reference. The apostle was giving to Titus some directions which might serve to guide him in the ministry of the Word, and in giving him these instructions he naturally alluded to the circumstances in which Titus was placed, and the requirements, tendencies, and temptations of the people among whom he laboured. We cannot read this Epistle without noticing how carefully this young minister is directed to enforce a due observance of the ordinary duties of life, and to enforce them as duties sustained by all the loftiest and most powerful sanctions of the Gospel. It is occasionally urged against some preachers as a matter of reproach, that while setting forth the great doctrines of the Gospel with sufficient distinctness, the influence which these doctrines should exert upon the practical conduct of life is not insisted on with sufficient frequency and force. It will at once appear—or, at least, appear after a moment's consideration—that whether the charge can be justly urged against the human exposition of God's Word or not, it is beyond all question that the charge cannot be urged against the inspired writings themselves. Nothing can be more remarkable than the beautiful balance which is therein maintained between matters of faith and practice; and we are taught that the doctrines

which we receive by an exercise of faith, are calculated and designed to exert a sanctifying, moulding, regulating influence over every department of life. So in this Epistle Titus is urged to avoid foolish and unpractical questions, and to set forth not only the doctrines of grace, but also the practical influence which those doctrines should exert. “For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath

appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

The allusion here is to certain popular but unpractical questions, which were then commonly discussed, but which did not prove profitable to life or godliness. "Now," says the apostle, "avoid such things; you have plenty to occupy your time in preaching the sound doctrine which I have made known unto you, and which I would have you maintain. This is your work: to proclaim the fundamental truths of the Gospel, and to show what should be their practical effects in life and conduct wherever they are believingly received."

But while this injunction was primarily addressed to Titus with reference to the way in which he was to act in the ministry of the Word, we may fairly take it in a broader sense, as suggesting some practical lessons unto which we should do well to give heed.

What a tendency is there to make religion consist in forms and ceremonies! With some the great thing seems to be not the state of the soul, but the attitude of the body; not the desires of the heart, but the words of the mouth. How sad is it that men should allow their attention to be distracted from matters of the greatest moment, by the discussion of comparatively trifling questions which have no bearing at all, or only the slightest bearing, upon the higher interests of life and godliness!

Among the foolish questions we should avoid, are those which express a *sceptical unbelieving state of mind*. Nothing is so ready to justify itself, or to seek to do so, by the asking of foolish questions, as scepticism. There are many who seem to think that they have a sufficient reason for continuing in a state of unbelief, if they can only ask certain questions which the believer cannot answer. Some people appear to regard it as the very triumph of ingenuity and intellect to ask questions which, in the nature of things, do not admit of an answer. It was so with the Sadducees, the sceptics of Christ's time. They did not believe in the doctrine of the resurrection, and they sought in every possible way to discredit it, and to cover it with ridicule; and so they went to Christ with a foolish question in reference to the woman who had had seven husbands, that he might determine whose wife she should be, of these seven, in the kingdom of the resurrection. Our Saviour exposes and rebukes their folly by reminding them that they were wrong and unreasonable in assuming that the future state would, in every particular, corre-

spond with this. "Ye do err," said Christ unto them, "not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." That was a foolish question which a certain lawyer asked Jesus, tempting him, and saying, "Which is the great commandment in the law?" Pilate's was a foolish question when he asked, "What is truth?" and went away without waiting for an answer. The unbelieving Corinthians are distinctly charged with folly for asking in an incredulous, and perhaps mocking spirit, "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?"

That the believer may not be confused or discouraged, it will be well for him to remember that he is not obliged to answer every question which the sceptic may propose. It is quite easy to ask questions in reference to things most commonly believed among us in ordinary life, which no one in the world can answer. Who can tell us how it is that an undiminished flood of light and heat is being ever poured forth from the great orb of day? That we can flash a message almost instantaneously from one side of the world to another, we know; but we cannot explain the mode of transmission. That body and soul are united, we know; the character of the connection is inexplicable. Let us not then be disturbed by the foolish questions which scepticism may address to us. There are some things that we do know—of which we are fully persuaded. We need not be ashamed to confess that there are many things which we do not know.

Questions which are expressions of a merely *vain curiosity* are to be avoided as foolish. We have a principle of curiosity which rightly directed is invaluable, but which may easily expend itself in the asking of foolish, unpractical questions. And a certain order of mind is especially exposed to danger on this score. In the New Testament we have a number of instances recorded in which this spirit—revealing itself by foolish questions—is rebuked by our Saviour. The disciples on one occasion wanted to know who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Our Saviour reminded them that it was not for them to know this; and that he might rebuke their ambition—which was as unreasonable as their curiosity—he placed a little child in their midst, telling them that unless they became as little children they could not enter the kingdom of heaven at all. On another occasion one asked him, "Are there few that be saved?" Our Lord virtually bade him mind his own business: "Strive," he said, "to enter in at the strait gate." Peter's question in reference to his fellow-disciple expressed the same spirit, and merited and secured the same rebuke. "And what shall this man do?" he said. "What shall be his

future? Is he to be exempt from the cross which I shall have to bear?" Christ's reply is, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." Immediately before the ascension of Christ the disciples asked of him, saying, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" And he said unto them, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power."

God has in large measure hidden the future from us. This is a wise and merciful arrangement, and we should rest content with such general indications of the character of the future, as God has seen fit to afford. We may safely leave all things with Him who is the Lord of the future; nor need we seek curiously to determine the precise period of his coming, inasmuch as we know that whenever he comes, he will come unexpectedly, falsifying all human predictions. It is for us to maintain an attitude of habitual preparation, knowing that the Lord may come in the first or third watch of the night. Nor should we be uneasy because the time seems long, for with the Lord a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years.

Those questions are to be avoided as foolish and wrong, which we are at times tempted to ask in a spirit of *impatience, complaint, unbelief*. We are not to arraign the proceedings either of God's providence or grace at the bar of our judgment. There are, and there ever will be, mysteries appearing dark and inscrutable to us, but we know that the Judge of all the earth doeth right. Clouds and darkness gather around the throne of God, veiling its sublimities and its splendours, but we know that its foundations are justice and judgment. Yet, knowing all this, we are ready at times to share the experience of Asaph, and ask with him

foolish and unreasonable questions as to the course and order of Divine providence; and though our impatience and discontent may not often articulately express themselves, we have reason to be on our guard against the spirit which, uncontrolled, would find vent by asking foolish and unreasonable questions.

There are some questions which are not only not foolish, but which are perfectly reasonable and relatively important, and yet we may act a very foolish part in allowing ourselves to be unduly and almost exclusively occupied with the consideration of them. Such questions as, What shall I eat? what shall I drink? wherewithal shall I be clothed? and others which relate to the interests and well-being of this present life, are questions which have a claim upon us, and a claim which religion does not teach us to disparage or neglect. But however important, such questions have only relative and temporary importance, and it must occur to us as very unreasonable to pay almost exclusive attention to these things, and neglect greater interests, more urgent and pressing claims. Yet how many are there in this world who bestow serious attention on no other questions than these! who have never with any earnestness of purpose asked that greatest question of all—"What must we do to be saved?" What a miserable ending to human life is it, for a man to feel that he has been busy asking and answering all manner of foolish or, at least, comparatively unimportant questions, and that he has left the great question unanswered—the great problem unsolved! The injunction to avoid foolish questions is one which we have need to lay to heart, and we shall find that the best way of avoiding foolish questions is to be much occupied in asking and seeking to answer profitable ones.

INDIAN NOTES AND ANECDOTES.—II.

BY THE REV. S. MATEER, F.L.S.

THE RAJAH OF TRAVANCORE—(continued).

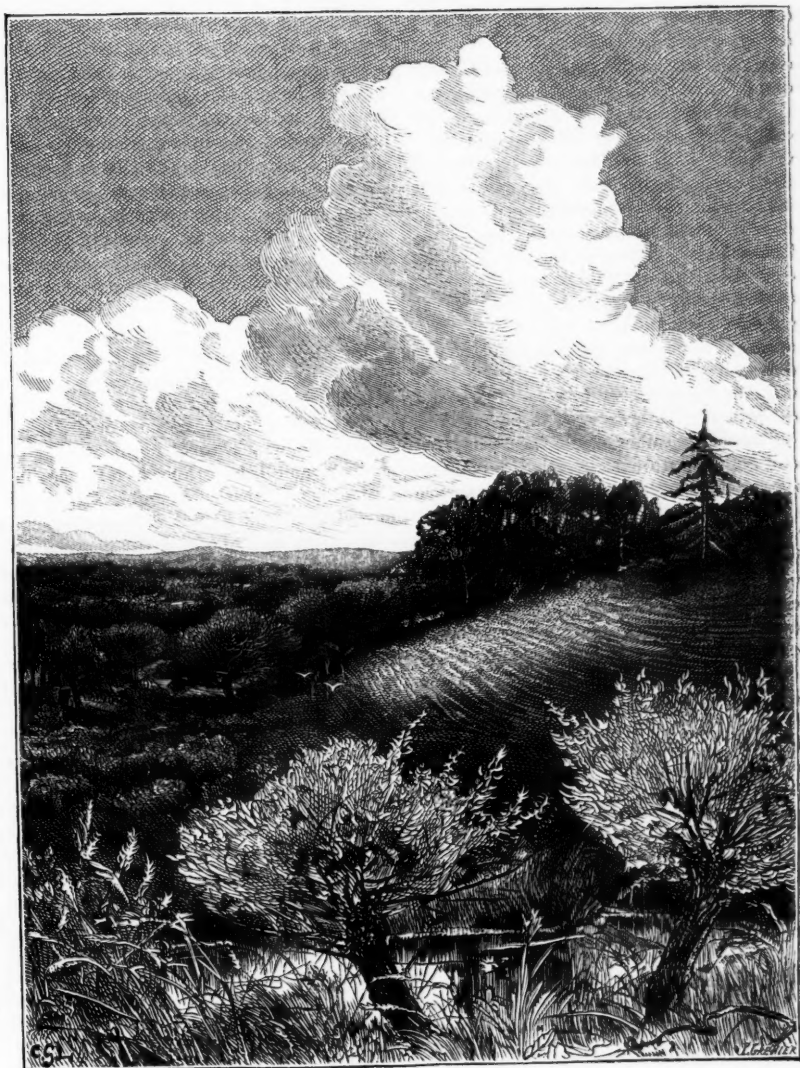


HE Rajah, being attached to the study of chemistry and medicine, took us through his private laboratory, which was well stocked with drugs, but did not appear to be turned to much practical account. A short time previous to our visit a servant had inconsiderately poured some sulphuric acid into a bottle, to cleanse out the remains of some old drug: an explosion was the result, by which the poor man was much injured.

In returning to the reception room, several other objects of interest and works of art attracted our attention. Among these was a large painting of the official reception by the Rajah of the

Queen's letter acknowledging the gift of a beautiful carved ivory throne, which had been exhibited and much admired at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and was afterwards presented to the Queen and placed in one of the apartments of Windsor Castle. "The Queen, said the Rajah, "was so kind as to honour me with an autograph letter, thanking me for the throne." There were also chairs of solid silver and of solid ivory, and a beautiful carved bedstead, all of ivory—a splendid and costly specimen of native art. A large elephant's tusk which we saw weighed 77½ lbs.

While displaying to us a collection of specimens of the ivory carvings of Travancore, in the form of serpents, birds, flowers, bookknives, &c., His



(Drawn by C. G. LAWSON.)

"How pleasant to refresh the narrowed sight
With th' noble outlines of the clouds"—p. 203.

Highness kindly asked us to accept one each as a memento of our interview. A snake carved in ivory, very well copied from nature, and set upon an ebony stand, fell to my lot; and having heartily thanked the Rajah for these pretty gifts, we took our leave, expressing our sense of his affability and courtesy in receiving our visit.

A favourable impression was certainly made upon our minds, as to the personal character and disposition of this prince, and we were glad to have had the opportunity of cultivating friendly relations with him. He seemed really good natured and agreeable, but was doubtless the more easily led by the Brahman priests, whose influence is all-powerful in the country. And being, we understood, very sincere and devoted to the national superstitions, we could not but lift up our hearts to God, and pray that he might be brought to enjoy the happiness and peace of true religion.

We arranged to procure from England, at our own expense, a richly-bound copy of the Holy Scriptures, for presentation to this kindly and courteous prince. We ordered it to be bound in velvet, as handling leather would have imparted ceremonial pollution to a strict Hindoo and necessitated frequent bathing, and would thus have been a hindrance to the convenient and frequent perusal of the book if so disposed.

But before the sacred volume arrived our royal friend was in the eternal world. A few months after the interview described above, the servant in the house in Trevandrum in which we were then lodging, came to his mistress and urged her to lay in a stock of provisions without delay, "for," said he, "the Rajah is to die at noon to-morrow, and the shops will be shut." On inquiry, it was found that it was generally reported that his death was to occur at the time specified. We laughed at the absurdity of the idea, but "the astrologers," said our hostess, "can make it come true." The purchases were made and the decease occurred at the appointed time. It is a fact that the Rajah did say to his European physician, that if he could get him over another day he should be all right. Even an hour would have passed the period appointed in his horoscope. Still I believe his constitution was thoroughly exhausted between disease, attendance on theatrical exhibitions late at night, and devotional and ascetic engagements.

Three or four hours after the death of the Rajah, the body was burnt with due ceremonial, and the next morning all that remained was a few ashes and portions of unconsumed bones, which were gathered up, placed in a golden vessel, and sent in charge of trustworthy persons to the river Ganges, a distance of 1,500 miles, to be cast into the sacred stream, in order to ensure the spiritual felicity of the deceased prince. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

BRAHMANICAL ARROGANCE.

In passing along the roads of Travancore, the European traveller is at first surprised to see natives frequently running off the road, and standing apart at a considerable distance till he has passed by, a circumstance which of course never occurs in England or other civilised countries. These are the low-caste people, who are forbidden by the higher classes to approach within a certain distance, and are compelled therefore, when meeting superiors, to run out of the road lest they should pollute the holy Brahman or the lordly Sûdra by their shadow or breath or near approach. These poor people naturally follow the same rule with respect to Europeans until they have become familiar with our Christian principles and abhorrence of these cruel and unrighteous laws of caste. Even then, one has sometimes to urge a poor man, "Come near, come nearer, come yet a little nearer," and some time often elapses before even a Christian disciple of these castes feels quite at ease in approaching a European missionary.

We ourselves are sometimes ordered out of the way by Brahmans professing more than ordinary sanctity, and I have known instances in which Europeans were assaulted and beaten for not obeying. One morning I was walking along a country road on my way to one of the chapels under my charge, and leading my eldest child by the hand, when I heard a great clamour of palankeen-bearers and other persons at a little distance behind. Some of those in advance of the crowd came running up to me, and shouted "Run, run, run!" "What for?" I inquired. "The swâmi is coming," was the reply. It was one of the great Hindoo priests in his palankeen, with a multitude of followers, on his way to visit an adjacent temple. As I always felt it my duty to maintain the right of way on public roads, as well as other essential and indefeasible rights on behalf of the poorer inhabitants and in opposition to Brahmanical pride and arrogance, I determined to make a stand on this occasion; and although the title *swâmi* (lord) is one which we never willingly accept from natives, I thought that just for once I might take them on their own ground, and appropriate a title which I knew they would not have hesitated to give. "Am not I a swâmi too?" said I. "Yes, sir." "Well, then," I added, "there is room enough for us both; let the other swâmi pass by if he wishes." They ran back and consulted their swâmi, and I suppose he thought it wiser to drop for the moment his exclusive claim, for he passed by without any more ado.

In dealing with Hindoos one should first be sure to be in the right, and then, I am persuaded, the great point is to be calm, firm, and unwavering in resistance to unjust demands and encroachments.

Another strange illustration of the barbarity

and absurdity of these caste laws occurred in August, 1867. A number of Pulayars (formerly the slave caste) in a neighbouring mission district having recently embraced Christianity, appear to have thought that now they might safely approach a little nearer to the merchants and dealers in the village market which they were in the habit of attending. In making purchases from salesmen of higher caste, they must place their money upon a convenient stone, or on the ground, and retire to the prescribed distance. The seller takes up the coin and gives whatever quantity he chooses in return. It is a singular fact that while everything touched by a low-caste person is utterly unclean and polluting to a high-caste man, even the highest grade of Brahman may accept *money or rice* from the lowest in the country. Happy thought this, for otherwise the Brahmans would starve, as it is the slaves who perform the heavy labour in the cultivation of the rice-fields. So convenient and accommodating (for the higher classes) are the rules of caste!

These Christians, then, ventured to come, not into the market-place itself, but a little nearer to the other people than formerly, and I understand that they did, whether wisely or not, refuse to leave the public road when ordered to do so by Súdra and other high-caste passengers. There was at that time a general feeling of dissatisfaction prevalent among the members of the native Christian community, respecting the social and political disabilities and indignities under which many of them laboured, and a strong and almost irrepressible conviction that they had a right to

some of the common liberties and immunities of human beings. And who can blame them, when we remember the hard and prolonged struggle our own forefathers had in England for civil and religious liberty?

These Christians, however, were assaulted and beaten for their effrontery by a mob of Súdras and others of high caste. The latter at once went off to the police-station and entered a formal charge of assault against the Christians, and as in Travancore whoever gets first to the police-office has generally the best chance, especially if he be of the dominant caste, they had several of the Christians, along with their catechist, seized and thrown into prison. During the examination of the prisoners and witnesses by the local magistrate—a man of high Brahmanical birth, and most bigoted in his adherence to the ceremonial law—the poor low-caste people were placed, according to caste custom, at a considerable distance, outside the court, and as the interval was too great for convenience of speaking and hearing, a policeman was placed half-way between the parties. “Ask him so-and-so,” commanded the magistrate, and the policeman transmitted the inquiry and the answer back again, in which process, as might be expected, the integrity of the depositions suffered very materially.

The accused lay in prison for a month before a decision was come to, and they were then discharged. Their enemies had gained their point, and escaped without punishment or loss, while all the Christians in the surrounding congregations were for a time thoroughly frightened.

CLOUDS.



WHEN winter-prisoned long in city rooms,
How pleasant to refresh the narrowed sight
With th' noble outlines of the clouds, alight
From dawn, blue noonday, sunset's golden glooms;
Bridging the wind in one long arch of white;
Or, seaward piled, austere with stormy dooms;
Some, cold and vague like lonely fortresses

Of winter, stationary, far to sea,
Loom proud against the blue north, and the stress
Of icy currents driving lazily.
Some minatory, and red with sunset wind,
Or, hung in drifts of rose across the air—
Like footprints left by angels, passing where
The sighs of fancy echoes sweet would find.

T. C. IRWIN.

A PAYING HOSPITAL.



FEW of the people who pass the handsome building which now stands at one of the corners of Soho Square, can have an idea of the important work which is being done there, or of the desirableness that exists of the principle adopted in what is called the “new wing” being made general, instead of remaining, as it is now, exceptional. There are many thousands of

people who never did, and who never may, see Soho Square, or the institution which ornaments it, who ought to be made acquainted with the principle which has practical illustration there, and who have the chance of benefiting by it themselves, or of aiding in the development of its serviceableness to the human race. The Hospital for Women is novel in this, that it has patients who pay. We know that at many places where

disease is specially dealt with, the greatest boast is, that all the advantages offered are given without fee or reward. But as it happens that there are many people in the world who have need of the great skill which is exerted in large hospitals, and who yet, for a variety of reasons, cannot ask for the use of that skill gratuitously, it is worth while to consider if there is no way of enabling them to conquer the difficulty they experience. So several ladies of high rank and of benevolent hearts thought some years ago, and we intend here to indicate what came of their thinking.

It was at the dinner-table of a late nobleman, whose genial nature never seemed affected by the cares of state, which hung heavily and persistently upon him, that the thoughts of which we have spoken had their first expression. Some one suggested that it was not quite necessary that all the great agencies for the relief of the sick and the ailing should be for the *poorest* classes alone. Above the poor in social position are numbers of delicately-nurtured people who have the means to keep themselves straight with the world so long as health remains, but who find it hard to meet the increased demands caused by ordinary sickness, and are quite unable to find the wherewithal to combat special disease, or long-continued illness. It happens that in the class referred to there is greater providence, in proportion to numbers, than in those lower classes upon whom we bestow so much in charity, and timely aid may often suffice to enable these better people (we do not use this phrase in any mere conventional sense) to escape from that Slough of Despond in which those plunge to whom poverty comes as an unaccustomed guest. Then there are others who have no need to fear poverty at all, but who are not wealthy enough to be able to afford all those extraordinary expenses that are incurred in cases in which the ailment suffered makes it necessary to have special medical and surgical attendance. We can easily picture to ourselves the kind of people who were in the minds of the ladies and gentlemen who gathered about the statesman's table, and we can see why the talk on that particular evening has resulted in what should rather be called wise sisterly conduct, than acts of mere charity. The talk ran mainly one way, it would seem, and related to the need there was for such an institution as that which Dr. Protheroe Smith had founded in 1842, and which was now established in Soho Square. It was determined to seek the aid of the managers of this institution in the development of the ideas that had been started, and which, with that aid, were soon put in a practical form. The chief reason why the hospital in Soho Square was selected was that in it there was a feature of

very great importance. It was not a *general* hospital in any sense. It was restricted to the reception of women, but that was not all. Women who were suffering from common ailments, or from those which result from the deplorable vices of great cities, were not admitted. Only those could enter whose unhappy fate it was to endure those peculiar diseases to which the delicate physical organisations of women are in some cases liable. So far as is known, this was the first hospital of its kind; but since its establishment the principle has been adopted in France, and other Continental lands, as well as in the great States across the Atlantic.

Of course it was seen that the wards already opened were too few to supply all that was wanted by the free patients, and it was determined not to interfere, except in some helping way, with the old form of work done there. A new wing had to be built, designed to meet the requirements of the new class of patients. The money which was needed had to be collected, and it is only fair to say that this part of the labour, as well as so much else in connection with this institution, was done by ladies. We might name those who were, and who still are, assiduous in the carrying on of this good work, but to do so would appear unfair to others. Many ladies whose wealth and position make their lives free from the sordid cares which harass those who are less fortunate, have put aside their ease, and have made acquaintance with the want, and the anguish, and the keen physical suffering which are endured by numbers of their sisters. What is especially noticeable in this institution is, that its new uses have proved to be a decided gain to the older wards. The large and influential committee of ladies who undertook the collection of funds for the new wing, could not altogether neglect or overlook the poor women who lay in the contiguous wards, or the other patients who came day by day from their miserable homes to benefit by the skill possessed by the officers of this hospital.

About £7,000 was collected, and the new wing was erected at a cost of some £2,000. It was formally opened by the Princess Mary at the end of July, last year. Any who like may visit this hospital, and ladies who desire to see what is being done to aid in the cure of special maladies, could not do better than spend an hour or two in the wards of the new wing in Soho Square. The first notion obtained by such a visitor would be a pleasing one. It is unlike an ordinary hospital in this — that the wards are in reality, private apartments, rented for the time by the patients, and in which they have the comforts of home, with the addition of special nursing and attendance.

The names of these wards may be taken to indicate the interest felt in the work done in them

by royal and other eminent personages. As the visitor passes along, she will see the names "Sydney," "Palmerston," "Cadogan," "Vincent," "Gomm and Allcard," "Ranfurly," "Alexandra," "Thomond and Ross," and "Cholmondeley," and will take them as instancing the benevolence of those whose names appear. The charge to patients is so much per week, and ranges from one to three guineas, according to the ward occupied. It must always be understood that these prices are not remunerative, for there is never any "extra" appearing in the bill, and no matter how serious the case may be which is admitted, or how important and costly the operations which may become necessary, the weekly charge covers all. It is obvious that the number of attendants is greatly in excess of the proportion to number of patients notable in other hospitals. No ward holds more than five beds; and even in them, by means, of a simple device, each bed is made, by partitioning curtains, to stand, as it were, in its own little room, perfectly private, with easy chair, shelf for books, and other arrangements for the comfort of the patients.

In the wards of which the occupants pay the higher rates, there is all that a gentlewoman can need to satisfy that sense of refinement and of seclusion to which she has been accustomed at home. There is also a general drawing-room, in which those inmates who are recovering, or who are strong enough, may meet for social converse, or for mutual entertainment. The general character and exceptional position of the patients are indicated by their surroundings. The work which their hands find to do is work of the kind which goes to the adornment of the person, or adds to the grace and comfort of the apartment. In one ward we find a cage, inhabited by two goldfinches, the pets of a lady who, in her extreme suffering, finds the need here of accustomed things. Flowers are met with frequently; and it is noticeable that on the walls the engravings are of a high class, and the subjects such as to please and interest an educated mind.

As might be expected, great care is taken to have all the arrangements of a medical and surgical kind as perfect as is possible. On each floor is a box specially fitted up with all the instruments the physician may need as he goes his rounds. Over each bed, instead of the usual papers, which can be read by all visitors, is a closed portfolio, which contains the medical notes of the case, prescriptions, and dietary. No patient is asked to walk up or down stairs. There is a couch on the landing, upon which the lady who is desired to ascend or descend takes a seat, and being wheeled into a broad "lift," which runs from the bottom to the top of the building, is comfortably sent to the room to which she wishes to go. There are lifts, too, for the food of

the patients, and for the sending up or down of bed linen and clothing. There is a special bath-room. There is an ovarian ward, which is of course made expensive by the uses to which it is devoted. The operating theatre is admirably designed. It has a table in the centre, which is of a kind familiar to those who have inspected hospitals; and on one side of the room is a railed-off platform, on which those who are permitted to witness operations may stand. It should be remarked that students are not allowed to be present here, but properly qualified and practising medical men may make the fullest and freest use of the great opportunities afforded of enlarging their experience, and of adding to their ability to combat disease. There is also a museum, in which are stored objects of great scientific interest and value, but which cannot be considered by the non-surgical mind without a deep sense of the awful suffering to which women are sometimes subjected.

The fame of the hospital must have travelled far, as we find that one lady has come all the way from Singapore to be treated here. Her chances of recovery were multiplied (so she and her friends thought) by her being placed under the care of the exceptionally trained physicians who attend the patients in Soho Square.

In all the cases at present treated in these paying wards the value of the principle on which they are worked is illustrated, and we think that its extension to other kinds of hospitals would prove very beneficial. We all know that in these great institutions the most eminent physicians and surgeons are to be found, and that great numbers of people with special ailments are unable to obtain their attendance as private patients. It does seem hard that the very poorest in our land, and the very wealthiest, should have in common what is denied to the masses who form the intermediate links in the social chain. Let us hope that in no very long time these "paying" wards will be, not the exception, as they are now, but the rule at all hospitals.

We have said that the charges made are not remunerative; yet the managers do not ask for subscriptions in aid of the maintenance of these paying patients: the ladies who have done so much already will take care to have that attended to. But there is a debt upon the building, and benevolent people will do well to remember that.

We find it difficult to lay down our pen without saying something about the older portions of this hospital. As our readers have inferred, these are free. Week by week, and month by month, without fee or reward, physicians and surgeons attend and bestow patient skill upon the women collected here. In this free part the sad thing to note is, that the beds are not nearly sufficient in number for the demand which is made upon them. There are always women wanting to enter here, who have

to wait for the retirement of some one already in. But no poor women can come to this hospital in extreme suffering without obtaining immediate admittance: a bed will be found somehow.

In both the free and the paying wards the most noticeable thing is the attachment of the patients to the place. Old patients come back and look at the old beds, and say a sympathetic word or two to those who have succeeded them. They feel their

indebtedness to the officers, and exhibit that feeling. Knowing what is suffered here, one is bound to admire the patience with which pain is borne, and the cheerfulness with which weak women are seen to approach and struggle through the dark valley of the shadow of death. The struggle over, they pass to homes which they bless again, and in each such home there must be a deep sense of gratitude to the managers of the Hospital for Women.

MARY'S WORKBASKET.

"OH dear! how hot it is!" sighed little Mary Porter, as she drew her needle very lazily backwards and forwards through her work. "I wish mother had not left us such a very long task to do while she was away; don't you, Addie?"

Her sister did not look up from her work or make any answer for a few minutes, but when Mary repeated her question a second time in a very impatient voice, she replied, "It is a good long piece to do, I know, but you will make it seem twice as long if you waste so much of your time talking about it, and looking at it, instead of doing it;" and Addie bent her head more steadily than ever to the piece of cambric she held in her hand.

For a few minutes after this Mary said nothing more; every now and then a stitch was put into her work, but more often it lay in her lap, while her eyes wandered from it to the pleasure-garden outside, where the bees were busy gathering honey from the roses and mignonette, while the butterflies were dancing about in the sunshine. At last with a yawn and a sigh she began again, "I don't know how it is you get on so quickly, Addie, you have nearly half finished that seam, while I have only just begun mine—oh dear" (then came another sigh), "I am sure if mamma had known how hot it was going to be she would have given us less to do; don't you think so, Addie?"

"I don't know indeed whether she would or not," Addie answered, "but as it is, I would advise you to lose no more time now; mamma said she would be very much vexed if we had not finished what she gave us to do by the time she came home."

"I know I shall never have mine done, so there is not much use in trying;" replied Mary pettishly; "my hands are so hot, the needle will stick in the work, and when I do pull it through, it comes with such a jerk that the thread is sure to break or to get into a knot or something; then just look, I do believe I have broken my needle, now what shall I do?"

Addie looked up from her work, and taking Mary's from her, she said good-naturedly, "See, Mary, I will give you a new needle and thread, and get over this difficult little piece for you, if you will set to work steadily then and try to finish it."

"Oh, thank you, Addie; a friend in need is a friend indeed, and that is what you are," cried Mary, joyfully; "and while you are doing that, I'll just take one race round the garden to rest myself, and get one drink of milk from the dairy, and then I'll come back;" and before Addie could say a word, Mary had darted out through the open glass doors into the full glare of the sun.

She seemed to have forgotten now, how hot she had found it before, as she raced about from bed to bed, gathering here and there a flower as she went, and disappearing finally round the house in the direction of the dairy.

Addie settled her work for her, as she had promised, and then she took up her own again, expecting every moment to see her sister returning. But the morning passed on, and still there was no sign of Mary. Addie went out into the garden and called to her, but she gave no answer; then she came back again and finished her seam, and she was just beginning to do a little piece more of Mary's for her, when the phaeton with the chestnut pony appeared in sight, and Addie ran out to meet her mother.

The luncheon-bell rang just at this moment, and Mrs. Porter and her little girl had been seated for some time at the table, when the door burst open, and Mary rushed in, her hair was very tossed and rough, her cheeks and neck were burnt quite crimson, and her hands and nails were thick with mud.

"Mary, my dear child," cried Mrs. Porter, "what have you been doing to put yourself in such a heat, and to put your clothes in such a state?"

"Oh, mamma, I've been working so hard, I think you will be quite delighted and astonished when you see all that I have done, while you were away," answered Mary, excitedly.

"I cannot think what you have been doing, my dear," replied Mrs. Porter; "surely you were not out in this hot sun without either hat or jacket on, you could not have been so foolish."

"It was not a bit too hot, mamma—indeed it was not; I was out weeding my garden, and I was working so hard, I forgot about my hat. I did it for a surprise for you, mamma, because I had remembered you had told me ever so often to weed it, and I never did it before."

Mrs. Porter shook her head, "Ah, Mary," she said, "I did indeed tell you very often to do it, and as you say it was never done; only this very day I have given away the seeds I had been keeping for you, because I thought there was no use waiting any longer for your garden to be ready for them."

"What a pity, mamma," said Mary, sadly, "and I have been working so hard, and I thought you would have been so glad."

"I am glad," replied Mrs. Porter, as she kissed her, "that while I was away you tried to please me and to remember my wishes; but run away now, dear, and wash those dirty paws, and after luncheon, I will look at your needlework, and if I am satisfied with it, I will show you something I got while I was in town," and Mrs. Porter turned her eyes towards a parcel lying beside her, which was carefully wrapped up in paper.

Her needlework! Mary turned quickly away that her mother might not see her confusion. From the moment she had left Addie to take the "one turn in the garden," all remembrance of her neglected task had passed out of her mind. She went up-stairs very slowly, and when she returned to the dining-room, she ate her dinner in silence, leaving all the conversation to her sister.

Immediately after luncheon they went into the drawing-room, and Mrs. Porter gave Addie a great deal of praise for the way in which the long seam had been both run and felled; she then opened the parcel and drew from it a lovely workbasket, lined with rose-coloured silk, and fitted up with needles, thread, a silver thimble and a pair of shining scissors. "Here, my dear," she said, as she put it into Addie's hands, "you have pleased me very much by your patience and industry, I hope this little present will encourage you to persevere in these good habits. And, now, Mary let me look at yours; there is something left in the parcel still, which I hope in your turn you will have earned."

Poor Mary, her cheeks were very hot already, but they grew still hotter, as her mother opened her piece of work, and looked with a very grave face, at the few dirty, careless, gobble stitches which she had put in.

"How is this?" asked Mrs. Porter; "I do not think, Mary, you were trying very hard to please me, when you left this work unfinished to play about in your garden."

"It was not play, mamma, it was real work, and it was so hot in here, I could not make the stitches look well, and as I knew you had told me so often to weed my garden I thought you would be glad to see it done when you came home."

"If you had done it a month ago, when I first spoke about it, I should have been very very glad indeed, because I should then have known that you were really anxious to do what I wished; but you did not do it then; now you only made weeding it an excuse

for leaving undone the work I particularly wished and desired you to finish to-day. I am not pleased with you at all, Mary, nor can I give you the reward I had prepared for you," and she drew out of the paper, a workbasket, fitted up exactly like the one she had given to Addie.

"Listen to me, dear," added her mother, as she took Mary on her knee and wiped the tears from her face, "so far to-day you have only tried to please yourself, and I do not think doing so has made you happy; now try and please me for the rest of the afternoon. You are quite too hot and tired to go out any more, so sit here by the open window, and, while you rest, show me how much of your neglected work you can accomplish."

Mary sat down as she was desired, and Addie, who was very sorry for her sister, took a book and read out to her while she sewed, and so steadily did she give her mind to what she was about, that when her mother re-entered the room some hours later, she was able to show her the whole seam neatly finished from end to end.

And so, though Mary did not get her workbasket that day, she did get it before very long, because her mother saw that now, instead of only trying to please herself, she was trying to please *her* and to be obedient to *her* wishes.

Z. P.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

81. There are two verses in one of St. Paul's Epistles which would lead us to conclude that God the Son and God the Holy Ghost are engaged in the same work for us. Quote them.

82. Joseph and Daniel both interpreted dreams. Do we read of any one else in the Bible who did so?

83. Show that when Lysias said that he rescued Paul "because he understood that he was a Roman" (Acts xxiii. 27), he was not telling the truth.

84. There is an old adage—"We should never believe more than half of what we hear." Give an instance from the history of the early kings of Israel which proves the reverse of this.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 175.

68. The judges of both pronounced them innocent, and yet did not acquit them (Luke xxiii. 14, 15; Acts xv. 25).

69. The Gibeonites were slain by Saul. A three years' famine visited the land in the days of David (2 Sam. xxi. 1, 2).

70. 2 Sam. i. 2—16 compared with 1 Sam. xxxi. 4.

71. David (2 Sam. xii. 5—7); Ahab (1 Kings xx. 39—43).

72. Joseph (Gen. xlii. 8); Job (ii. 12).

73. John xiv. 26.

74. The spies (Josh. ii. 15); David (1 Sam. xix. 12); St. Paul (2 Cor. xi. 33).

75. Ahaziah. "For his mother was his counsellor to do wickedly" (2 Chron. xxii. 3).

BIBLE NOTES.

THE PARABLE OF THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN (Luke xviii. 9-14).

AND he spake." From the necessity of constant prayer, inculcated in the preceding verses, our Lord now turns to the duty of humility, and in this parable places before his hearers an example levelled against errors in practical religion in man's relations to himself, his Maker, and his fellow-creatures.

"*The temple.*" One of the courts of the temple where prayer was commonly offered—probably in the same court to which Peter and John went up to pray.

"*The one a Pharisee.*" The Pharisees were the most numerous and wealthy sect of the Jews. The name is derived from a Hebrew word, which means "to separate," because they assumed to themselves a superior sanctity. Their leading tenets were—that the world was governed by a fixed decree of God; that the souls of men were immortal; that there would be a resurrection of the dead; that there were angels, good and bad; that God was under obligation to bestow peculiar favour on the Jews; and that they were justified by the merits of Abraham, or by their own conformity to the law.

"*The other a publican*"—a collector of the Roman tribute. The name and profession of a publican were extremely odious to the Jews, who submitted with reluctance to the taxes levied by the Romans when they became subject to them. The publicans were hated as the instruments by which that subjection was perpetuated. By the Jews they were regarded as the most detestable characters, and were associated by them with thieves and those who were profane and dissolute. The two persons in this parable may, perhaps, be considered not as individuals, but as representatives of the two classes—Pharisees and publicans. So may the prayer of each be looked upon as a specimen of the prayers used by each class respectively.

"*Stood and prayed.*" Standing was the usual attitude in which prayers were offered up among the Jews.

"*God, I thank thee.*" In this prayer there is an appearance of true religion. God is recognised as the source from which his blessings spring, and thanks are given to him for them; but we must not judge of the godliness of men because they admit the truth.

"*Other men.*" It is not wrong to thank God for being preserved from falling into the sins others commit; but it was wrong to judge ill of men, many of whom he could not know. He offends in that he concludes himself good because he is not so bad as other men.

"*I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.*" Having stated boastfully, and not prayer-

fully, what he was not, he next proceeds to say what he did. His fasts were, probably, in addition to the public days of fasting required by the law of Moses. These had merit in his eyes because they were voluntary. A tithe means the tenth part of a thing. A tenth part of all that he had or gained he devoted to the service of religion, or to the use of the poor. Besides the tithes required by the law, the Pharisees had tithed even the smallest matters (Luke xi. 42).

"*Standing afar off.*" If a Jew, in the same court as the Pharisee, but at a distance from him, still in sight of him, for the Pharisee refers to him, as though in his prayer he pointed at him—"This publican." If not a Jew, in the court of the Gentiles, looking upon himself as unworthy to draw nigh to the place where God dwelt in an especial manner, or to stand in the holy place.

"*Smote upon his breast.*" Feeling himself to be what he acknowledges, shame and sorrow take hold upon him. He punishes himself out of a deep sense of his guilt. What he does here is a sign of deep grief among almost all nations.

"*God be merciful to me a sinner.*" How different is this prayer from that of the Pharisee! They address the same Being, but in what a different strain! The publican makes no boast of his righteousness towards God or man; he humbly confesses himself a sinner—THE sinner, shutting out from his thoughts all but God and himself, and pleading earnestly for mercy.

"*Justified*"—accepted of God. The word *justify* means "to declare righteous." The meaning here is clearly this: of the two prayers offered to God, the one was approved and the other was not. Of the two worshippers the one "went down to his house" with the favour of God in answer to his petition, the other without it.

The lesson to be derived from this parable is still required in the world. From it we learn that a strict observance of the externals of religion—a regular attendance at the house of public prayer, a strictly moral life, a bestowal of our goods to feed the poor—are not enough to make us acceptable in God's sight. We must have true humility of heart, and be ever ready to acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness. We must not make our boast of what we have done; but lament with true penitence over what we have left undone. We must not despise others; but love all men as God's creatures. We should always feel that God is a witness of our actions at all times, as well as when we draw near in prayer to him. If we put our trust in Christ for righteousness, we shall feel that we are sinners, and know that we are miserable, poor, and blind, but that by his intercession we can if we will be saved.